

# THE ILLUSION OF MEMORY

PHILOSOPHICAL  
POEMS



SORIN CERIN

**SORIN CERIN – THE ILLUSION OF MEMORY**  
- philosophical poems-

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**2017**

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**Critical appreciations about the  
poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of

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the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the

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listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing



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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

### **PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary

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Conversations”, which refers to an article written by Magda Cârnelci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, “Romania literary”, where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, “Literary Conversations”, number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârnelci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârnelci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

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I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

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It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

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The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on

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one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

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What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".



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Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin, update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan :** "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bible desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu** : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad** : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**  
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "



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**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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**1. The Kiss of the Illusions of Happiness**

Do not tell me that Happiness,  
it will ever forget us the frustration,  
risen in the dawn of the Hearts,  
which can not understand,  
never,  
the essence of Time,  
which its wipes the sweat of the Moments,  
over the foreheads of the Words,  
of the Creation of a World,  
only ours,  
washing them the meanings,  
until they are lost,  
in the Dust of the Forgetfulness,  
through which they stand,  
the Illusions of Memories,  
who feed us,  
Death from us.

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**2. The train of lost Glances**

Could I ever understand,  
the purpose of the Smile,  
fallen,  
in the depths of the Heart,  
of the Illusions of Death ?,  
which no longer beat,  
for the Eternity of Retrieval,  
of the Stranger from us,  
what has forsaken us,  
the Destiny,  
of the Illusions of some Memories,  
in the railway station without name,  
of the train of lost Glances,  
whose merits,  
I have never met them before,  
in the written story,  
by the God of Creation of Nobody,  
who would have wanted to sell us abundantly,  
the Illusions of Happiness,  
banished from a Paradise,  
which became suddenly,



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so cramped,  
that he had to expand,  
and on the territory of the Inferno,  
from ourselves.

**3. The time of our meeting**

Which Icon,  
could learn us to we kill us,  
the Moments ?,  
separating us,  
by the Illusions of Memory,  
from which we created us the spring of Blood,  
of to be,  
the Ancestors of Immortality,  
on which we have born her,  
banishing us the Death from Glances,  
forever,  
for to enliven us the dust,  
from the Hopes of Veins,  
of our Destinies,  
broken and forsaken,  
in the Cemetery of shards of Thoughts,  
on which we tried to bypass him,  
on the Wheel of a Time,  
satiated of the tears of Desires,  
which he was obliged,  
to bury them every time,

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equally alone,  
as it was,  
the time of our meeting.

**4. Trying us the Future**

Leave me the Day,  
to it wash us the Illusions of dirty Memories,  
of so many Promises,  
from which,  
none of the Cardinal Points,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which, they still have remained,  
to feed us, the Vanity,  
did not succeed,  
to exit,  
by defying the mud,  
in which were bogged down,  
the Hopes,  
of to create us the Eternity,  
of the flower of the Soul,  
on which to we tear her,  
only when,  
the baskets of Dreams,  
they will wither  
trying us the Future.

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**5. Among the Wrinkles of the Vanity**

The false Horizons,  
are extinguished in the arms of the Past,  
what seems to have forgotten us,  
the embracing of Time,  
on which we have banished it,  
at the table of the Meeting,  
which has fed us the Struggle of Souls,  
with the Immortality,  
of Blood of some Dawns,  
on which we had begun to breathe,  
not knowing anything about the Day of Tears,  
of some Moments,  
which they will rain us,  
with pyres kindled by dew,  
in the depths,  
of Destinies,  
which they will extinguish them,  
any Hopes,  
and from the embers of the Illusions of Memories,  
the Forgetfulness, will make for her,  
blanket of Longing,

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for the cold and lonely nights that will leak,  
among the Wrinkles of the Vanity,  
which they gave us life.

**6. In search of the Water of Illusions of Happiness**

I can not even look,  
at the face of the Soul of the World,  
so much is grubbed,  
by the own Illusions of Memory,  
that it has become a Desert of Dreams,  
in search of the Water of Illusions of Happiness,  
whose springs of Hopes have dried up,  
in the Stelar dust, of, Questions,  
on which I always say them,  
how many times I was trampled,  
by the steps of the Horizon of Divine Light,  
from the Glances of Infinite.

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**7. Overpayment**

Bound with the chains of Hope,  
I'm trying to touch your shores of Dreams,  
toward which I sailed,  
accompanied by the debauchery of the Illusions of Death ,  
which have judged me every time,  
when I tried,  
to escape from my own Illusion of Memory,  
which I paid it, at overpayment,  
to Suffering,  
for to I be allowed to moor,  
in the Eternity of the Moment.

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**8. We were sold**

The Stars of Tears, really,  
feel more guilty,  
when they fall,  
by blizzard,  
over the hidden wrinkles of the Illusions of Memory,  
which and are now crying,  
after the smile of Divine Light,  
which we have comprised her,  
in the fists of Immortality,  
by Loving,  
until,  
we became the Icon of Truth,  
to which the Future prayed for us,  
not knowing that he will have to kneel,  
before the Past,  
to which we were sold,  
from before we are born,  
by the Original Sin,  
of the Illusions of Death.

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**9. Spoiled by the Wind of the Forgetfulness**

Grass of Longing,  
spoiled by the Wind of the Forgetfulness,  
with the name Death,  
still you succeed to finish all the Dawns,  
which leaves their tears full of dew,  
over the Illusion of Memory of the Word of Creation?,  
which uttered a single Destiny,  
for the Glances,  
in which we are lost us,  
the Eyes of Water, of the Illusions of Death ,  
spreading the waves of the Day,  
in the long and passing hair,  
of a Sigh,  
whose heart is trying to longer beat,  
the Truth  
which, it insults,  
the Vanity.

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**10. The Falling Stars of the Destinies**

For what, I would not succeed,  
to I bury my Happiness,  
on the row of the Vanities,  
from the Cemetery of Loves,  
who did not have the right to die,  
Never?,  
accompanying,  
the Falling Stars, of the Destinies,  
whose Letters of Glances,  
they did not have envelopes,  
on which to write an address,  
certain,  
with our names,  
of on the street of Fulfillment,  
being broken,  
in the bloody Dawns,  
wandered,  
through the dusty Shelves of some,  
Illusions of Memories,  
which not have known,  
ever,



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their parents,  
with the name of Love.

**11. The Illusion of Memory**

How many days would be counted,  
the Existence of Illusion of Your Memory,  
that, has created for her,  
the Crown of Falling Stars,  
on which they were born,  
the Moments of the Illusions of Death,  
from the sunrise of our Destiny,  
which we can not leave it,  
never,  
beyond ourselves,  
where we would have met Love,  
dressed in the Illusion of Happiness,  
on which we would have washed it,  
with Death from us,  
giving it the Eternal Life.

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**12. On the forsaken Forehead**

I'm still waiting,  
on the forsaken Forehead,  
of the Wrinkles full of Restlessness,  
of the Dawns,  
which begin to dry the Hugs,  
of an other Time,  
to which,  
neither an Illusion of some Happiness,  
she did no longer understand,  
his passing toward a Desert,  
which we could no longer cross it,  
bypassing us the Eyes of Destiny,  
dry,  
by the tears filled with the Illusions of Memories,  
which neither a Night of the Blood,  
no matter how cold it would have become,  
it did no longer succeed,  
to awaken,  
the Ancestors of beyond Time,  
of our Births,  
which have been given us,

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to enjoy us,  
of Illusions of Life and Death.

**13. Wounding my tear**

How many rusty leaves,  
owes to me the Steps of Dreams,  
which fall,  
hitting my Body,  
of the Hopes,  
by the Icon of the Glances,  
to which I knelt,  
decapitating my Future,  
so full of Past,  
on which I carry him even today,  
on the mountain of a Savior,  
what became to me,  
the Cross of the Soul,  
Wounding my tear,  
on which it crucified me,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
what became a religion,  
lost in the Immortality,  
of Word,  
on which God,  
he wanted him to be,

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the Absolute Truth,  
of the Illusion of Happiness.

**14. On the fences of Thorns**

The Existence Guilt,  
she threw us away,  
with the fishing rod of Illusions of Life,  
in the World of Forgetfulness,  
which we will never understand it,  
sitting on the fences of Thorns,  
on which we pierce us,  
the Hopes,  
of the Illusions of Death,  
which separates us,  
by the Illusions of Memory,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
what rusts, subdued,  
on the spines of the Words,  
said by the Illusionist God,  
in too great, hurry,  
that none,  
between Creation Days,  
did not succeed to encompass,  
in the Hearts of Feelings,  
the Original Sins,

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which beat us too fast,  
the vengeful Time of Destiny,  
which will no longer return,  
Never.

**15. The Tear of the Day**

Why did not I find myself,  
never,  
in the Tear of the Day?,  
what was elapsed over the Destiny,  
of the Illusions of our Death,  
scattered,  
by the Cemeteries, of Meetings,  
on which the Glances had them,  
whose flames were extinguished,  
and the embers of the Feelings,  
were thrown,  
further,  
deep,  
in the Frustration,  
of some Illusions of Life,  
where neither a God,  
seems, to no longer recognize them,  
the Past of fire,  
of the pyre of Hearts,  
on which we danced,  
our last Covenant,

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with the Illusion of Memory.

**16. Wounded by the Illusions of Memories**

Let yourself,  
all Days of the Illusions of Death,  
of Moments,  
which have never understood you,  
on the tablecloth,  
of the elbows of some Longings,  
always kidnapped,  
by the wounded Time,  
by the Illusions of Memories,  
what neither now,  
after an Eternity of Hopes,  
they can not wash,  
by, the Dreams,  
fallen from the Paradise,  
of our Meeting,  
on the forehead of the Cemetery of Thoughts,  
where it seemed,  
that died us the Death,  
forever.

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**17. On Cliff of Genes**

I believe you,  
Divine Light of Tears,  
of Destiny  
in which I washed my Eternity,  
by me myself,  
to be able to meet you,  
on Cliff of Genes,  
to all the Ancestors of Sufferings,  
who they wrote to me History,  
of this Present of the Memory,  
where exists only,  
the Ocean without edges, of the Eyes,  
of Illusions of some Memories,  
which we hope,  
to we kidnap them,  
from the difficult and oppressive flight of the Apocalypse,  
for to become,  
the shepherds of their Eternity,  
from which to build ourselves,  
the bricks of a Durability,  
which will never collapse,

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in the Cemetery of Dreams,  
of a Happiness.

**18. To not profane us the Church of Love**

With what could you betray me,  
besides the Illusions of Memory ?,  
on which I have always hidden them,  
in the sighs of Feelings,  
which, they ate, hungry,  
the Illusions of Death,  
in which we believed,,  
that will give us the Infinite,  
on which none,  
we did not want him hidden,  
in a single Moment,  
of the Illusion of a Happiness,  
on which we shall bear,  
at the neck of Hopes,  
by the endless Holidays of Forgetfulness,  
from which we learned,  
to we not make us a graven image  
ever,  
for not to profane us,  
the Church of Love,  
to which, still we worship,



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the Past.

**19. In looking for lost Time**

Dices scattered on the floor of the Promises,  
drowned in the Wrinkles of a Frustration,  
so passionate,  
that they were scattered through all the harbors,  
of the Illusions of Memories,  
where I could have met you,  
Paradise of the Smile of some Dawns,  
on which it seemed,  
that I will never understand them,  
were so of cold and indifferent,  
once with the Day of Illusions of Death,  
on which, if we had understood them,  
really,  
we would not have become today,  
a gate, of Cemetery, of the Illusions of Life,  
which always opens,  
in looking for lost Time,  
of a Love,  
on which the Horizons of the Absolute Truth,  
has trampled her into the untouchable soles,  
of the Eternity.

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**20. On the forehead of the Soul**

How much,  
would have existed,  
the clouds of Eyes of Wandering  
if it would not have rained with the tears of Remoteness,  
burgeoning the Longing,  
which I have served it,  
as an appetizer at the Love,  
which God no longer carries us,  
since when it existed,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
from which to take our ration,  
daily,  
of the Illusions of Death,  
wounding us all the barriers of Immortality,  
from the Horizon of naive Smile,  
in which I will drown my,  
Future,  
forever,  
giving him at the Forgetfulness.

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**21. No matter how hurt it would be**

And no Day,  
will not tell me,  
how many Illusions of Memories,  
you burned them to me,  
on the Wrinkles of Imagination,  
which I would have given them to you in the Night,  
in which we would have killed us,  
Endlessness?

Let to me the Blood of Heaven,  
to touch the flames of the Dawns,  
which have not yet disappeared,  
through the Veins of the Remorses,  
which are still burning,  
fidgety,  
hoping that we will have a Future,  
no matter how hurt it would be,  
by, the Feelings,  
of the cold chains,  
from our Breathings,  
rusty,

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of Forgetfulness.

**22. To I die on the shoulders of Happiness**

Drunk by the Tears,  
of Eternity,  
I thought I would succeed,  
to I die on the shoulders of the Illusions of Happiness,  
from which to create to me,  
Salvation by me myself,  
then when I considered myself,  
Death.

And, not even,  
the funerary tomb,  
of the Illusions of our Memories,  
it did no longer succeed,  
it to pass us,  
through the mud without Time,  
of the Vanity,  
where we tried,  
to we defeat us,  
the Love,  
for the Absolute Truth,  
on which we forsaken him,

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without us to ever understand,  
his Meaning.

**23. At the Feast of the Illusions of Death**

Let me to squeeze,  
the Tear of the Existence,  
who bore you,  
kissing your,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
where God tried,  
for the first time,  
to becomes,  
the Absolute Truth,  
of the touches,  
from the Endlessness of Sentiments,  
so suave,  
that,  
even the Horizon of the Word,  
who it gave birth us to the World,  
began to sigh,  
when I believed,  
in the Illusions of Life,  
which, they began to snow with the Happiness,  
which the Destiny had consumed her,  
at the Feast,

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of the Illusions of Death.

**24. Rigor Mortis**

Traces on which Death,  
she would have considered them the Life,  
are following us the Time,  
in which we have hidden us,  
since died us,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
which we chewed her,  
in the riddles of Times,  
which have never found out us,  
the Future,  
which we should have to we meet him,  
equally alive,  
how dead,  
it was to us,  
the Day,  
which just I had spent it,  
in the Cemetery of your Smile,  
which has cooled so much,  
that it became,  
that Rigor Mortis,  
of the Illusions of Life.

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**25. No Day can no longer**

I do not know if the World,  
it could be better,  
if the Illusions of Death,  
would have more understanding,  
with the Illusions of Life,  
on which the Eternity of a God,  
he sees them more satisfying,  
with the Vanity,  
to which,  
no Day can no longer,  
to thank him,  
for,  
Death from ourselves,  
no matter how satisfied we would be,  
to get rid us of the pyres of Consciousnesses,  
graduated from Existence,  
for the Suffering,  
which we carry her on the back,  
of a Time,  
of the Nobody.

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**26. Do not tell me**

Do not tell me,  
that you broke all the sheets of Destiny,  
which was printed,  
on our cheap Theater tickets,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
where we were invited,  
by the Illusions of Death,  
to we meditate,  
to the Illusion of Memory,  
which it would have hung us the chains of Love,  
at the neck of God,  
on which no Creation,  
would not have wanted him,  
of husband.



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**27. The Icon of the Saints of Dreams**

I know that the Stars of Despair,  
they loved,  
more than the Future,  
the our Birthdays,  
where we died,  
without we ever understanding,  
what it means to truly love,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
in which we drowned without wanting,  
the Absolute,  
which I thought him,  
Somewhere sometime,  
the Icon of the Saints of Dreams,  
of our Thoughts,  
on which all the Churches of Love,  
would have wanted them,  
in the Soul of Glances,  
through which we lost us,  
the Illusions of Death.

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**28. The Autumns of Doubts**

Deep traces of Illusions of the Death,  
they shade us,  
the Eyes of Heavens of the Stranger from us,  
what they have fallen us,  
from the hair of the Smile,  
full of the Autumns of Doubts,  
in which we drowned us,  
the Illusion of Happiness,  
which we buried her later,  
in the Cemetery of an Encounter,  
to which we have not been, anymore,  
none of us,  
with the Heart of the Hope,  
being so busy,  
with the Destiny,  
who he humiliated and killed us,  
the Illusion of Memory,  
on which we would have paid her,  
forever,  
to the God of Contempt,  
what seems that has born us,

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without ever having,  
a plan and for His Creation.

**29. Wrinkles**

Leave my feelings burned,  
by the Sunsets,  
of the Forgetfulness  
which I have them lit up,  
from the flesh of Horizons,  
of an Illusion of Memory,  
which, we would have liked,  
to feed us,  
the Illusion of Happiness to die,  
by, ourselves,  
lost, even her,  
in the Wrinkles,  
through which the rivers flow,  
so deep,  
of the Vanity,  
of the blood that has killed us,  
even the Genes of Ancestors,  
who would have loved,  
more than ever,  
the Future of our Eyes,  
forsaken by the own Past,

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for to be stolen by a History,  
of the Nobody.

**30. The Life of a Frustration**

I knew you'd show me,  
the Love beyond of, the Death,  
of Eternity,  
in which we have found again the Destiny.

So we were so lost,  
that all the Cemeteries of Dreams,  
we consider them to be the Eternal Lives of Beyond,  
of rusted Promises,  
by the Illusions of Memories.

And then we broke us,  
by, the chains of the Blood,  
wounding its Genes with new Horizons,  
which we have roasted,  
to feed us with the Past,  
of a World,  
of the Illusions of Death,  
from which we build us,  
always,  
the Life,

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of a Frustration.

**31. The Ancestors of Chance**

They have elapsed,  
the Moments of the Illusions of Death,  
over the Wrinkles paid by Eternity,  
as being the Time of a Happiness,  
over which,  
the Sunsets of the Despair,  
would have been banished,  
by, the Eyes of Horizons,  
of some Promises,  
which it would never have closed them,  
the Lie,  
of the Bodies of Dreams,  
which we would not have touched them,  
at the Feast of Dawns,  
of an Uncertainty,  
from which we have done us,  
ropes of Heaven,  
on which to we tie them to the throat of Love,  
where to we hang us  
once and for all,  
the Future,

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in the depths of the Blood of our Genes,  
which none of the Ancestors of Chance,  
would not have accepted them, ever  
as being Truth.

**32. Marriage with the Illusions of My Life**

The vigor of love,  
broken from the Heart of the Past,  
wash my Existence of your Smile,  
with the Illusion of the Chain of Happiness,  
which I broke it,  
wounding my Eternity,  
what gave me free rein  
to the Illusions of Death,  
which I would have wanted to sell them,  
at the Market of Soul,  
of the Illusion of your Memory,  
for nothing,  
but none of Destinies,  
he did not want to buy them for me,  
to give them to you,  
once with marriage,  
of Illusions of my Life,  
which would have polished you,  
the Cemetery of your own Moments.

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**33. The Religion of Illusions of Memory**

Break me the label of the Vanity,  
until you will arrive,  
at the veins of the Absolute Truth,  
of a Love,  
what I wept her beyond  
of Illusions of Life,  
paying her with overpriced  
to the Destiny,  
on which no school,  
of the God of this World,  
it would not have wanted to receive it,  
so much bad it would have done,  
to the Religion of Illusions of Memory,  
whose believer I was,  
beyond the Eternity,  
of your Eyes,  
if the Churches of Loneliness,  
if they would not crumbled her,  
in the sand of a Hourglass, of the Luck,  
which they played him,  
the Heavens of Wrinkles of a Time,

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at the festive table,  
of the Illusions of Death.

**34. The Coffin of Flowers of Ice**

And I would have gone,  
from me myself,  
toward the Coffin,  
of Flowers of Ice,  
of the Illusion of Memories,  
from which I have carved to me,  
the statue of a Love,  
on which and today,  
I keep her in the Refrigerator of the Thoughts,  
I was afraid to open him,  
in order not to melt my Illusions of Memories,  
what I bought them so expensive,  
with All,  
what I had the most important on the World:  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
on which Nobody,  
would not have wanted,  
to sell it to us ever,  
however much, we would have wanted to find it,  
in the Traces of Steps,  
on which the Breathing,



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of a Kiss,  
they would have trampled her,  
on the thresholds of the Church,  
of our Glances.

**35. Over the Eternity Horizon**

Give me a Palm of Destiny,  
over the Eternity Horizon,  
which I would have given it to you,  
if we had not been sold on nothing,  
in the Market of the Illusions of Death,  
which, they tied us,  
by the pillar of Vanity,  
of the Illusions of some Memories,  
until we learned by heart,  
what we have to do,  
in the World of Illusions of Life,  
which they paid us every Passing Moment,  
with the bitterness of a new Day,  
which, it no longer belonged,  
to us,  
never.

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**36. The Eyes of your Destiny**

Could exist,  
a more beautiful story,  
than the Eyes of your Destiny ?,  
which I admired them,  
beyond the Illusions of Death,  
which they gave us an Encounter,  
at the corner of the street of Illusion of a Happiness,  
which demanded us more,  
than we would have worked,  
for the Illusions of Life,  
our entire Existence,  
which we have forsaken it,  
-under constraint-,  
at the pillar of Infamy,  
for it to be bought,  
by another Destiny,  
much richer,  
in Death,  
than we were.

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**37. It wandered**

Break me the forehead of the Horizon,  
on the deep Wrinkles of Reproaches,  
of a God of Love,  
what seems to be written to us,  
the Destiny,  
by fighting,  
with the Storms of the Illusions of Life,  
on which, precisely,  
it had rescued them from drowning,  
the Smile of our Encounter,  
which wandered,  
on the paths of Illusion of a Memory,  
in which we would have wanted to stay,  
embracing us the Illusion of Happiness,  
without we knowing,  
or we to succeed,  
ever,  
we to save her,  
from the indifferent arms,  
of Illusions of Death.

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**38. At Lost Objects**

Wedding ring of embers,  
of the Smile of a Time,  
given in search and now,  
at Lost Objects,  
you burn us the Divinity,  
of the Clouds from us,  
for to shade us the Happiness,  
with the coolness of your Eternity,  
that springs from the Dawn of Saints,  
which I forgot them,  
in the lonely cup of coffee,  
so gnawed, by the shards of Thoughts,  
that even now  
it cuts us anymore  
the Blood of Memories,  
in two equal parts,  
which would have wanted,  
to remain for Eternity,  
the Soul,  
of Immortality.

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**39. Much richer**

Where I would succeed to find,  
chisel of the Eternity,  
through which we have carved us the Statues of the  
Dreams,  
in front of which we always met,  
the Purpose,  
without we ever delaying,  
at the hour of Illusion of Happiness,  
until when,  
through a breath of Destiny,  
we've lost us,  
the coins of Illusions of some Memories,  
which would have wanted to be Eternals,  
through the pockets of our Lives,  
in which,  
anyway, the Wind of the Vanity blew,  
which we have gathered it without wanting,  
and we believed,  
that we will succeed to buy,  
with all the Storms of his Feelings,  
at least,

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a kiss of Eternity,  
which has been stolen us,  
of Illusions of Death,  
much richer,  
than all of our Hopes,  
together,  
which we have lost them at the table of Silence,  
to which he ate,  
the Blood of our Ancestors,  
Forever.

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**40. The Moment of Illusions of Death**

Dressed,  
in the Heaven of your Destiny,  
I try to catch the Horizon of Eternity,  
on the forehead of the Future,  
from which I have creat to me,  
the shield of to move on,  
on the wings of the Glances,  
which you have carved it to me,  
with the cutting edge of the Heart Knife,  
in the blood of Memory,  
which will always flow,  
over the Moment of the Illusions of Death,  
through which I have known,  
the beauty of Dream,  
of not to ever understand,  
the Meaning of Love,  
which I wear to you.

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**41. For a single Kiss**

Dawns of flint,  
they still pull out sparks of Dreams,  
from the Night of Smile,  
in which we have lost us,  
the Identity,  
of Illusions of Life,  
over which we jumped,  
drowning us in the Illusion of Memory,  
of Steps,  
on which no tear did not do them anymore,  
in the Cemetery of some Promises,  
from which we fed us,  
with the dew of Illusions of Death,  
until when,  
we forgot,  
once and for all,  
how desperate we were,  
for a single Kiss,  
of the Love.



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**42. Ditches and Thoughts**

We were born,  
for to dig,  
Ditches of Regrets,  
in which to bury us,  
the fences of Glances,  
which struggle,  
in the trenches of some Destinies,  
for to conquer,  
Citadel of Perfection,  
what seems besieged,  
a while ago of an Eternity,  
in the bleeding flesh,  
of a Sunset of the Kiss,  
in which we have lost us,  
the virginity of the Illusion of Memory,  
until we fell,  
in the arms of the Cemetery,  
of Preconceived Ideas,  
of Illusions of Death,  
to whom, we have been sold,  
by Destiny,

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even before we met,  
under the vault of a Horizon of Life.

**43. Taken by the strong stream**

Traces of shores of the lost Glances,  
they still guard,  
the Wrinkles of rivers of the Illusions of Memories,  
what have flowed,  
among the sharp cliffs of Questions,  
which have cut them the impulse of to confront,  
the cascades of a defiant and unforgiving time,  
in which we fell,  
taken by the strong stream,  
of Illusions of Happiness,  
from which we would have tried somewhere-sometime,  
to build us a house,  
of Eternity,  
which was taken by the waters of the Moments,  
indebted at the Illusions of Death,  
as soon as we looked into the Eyes of the World,  
where our Future was drowning,  
caught between the marshes of the Vanity,  
of a Tears,  
on which neither her own Destiny,  
he could not understand her anymore,

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as being,  
Love.

**44. At the buttons of the shirt**

How many fences we braided,  
in the hair of Eternity,  
which we should wear it,  
at the buttons of the shirt,  
to each Hope ?,  
from which we build us shield,  
against the Illusions of Death,  
which we polished them without wanting,  
until they become the Mirror,  
of the Soul of a Forgetfulness,  
in which we look us without wanting,  
the image of the Vanity,  
which should have become,  
Love,  
somewhere sometime,  
in an Existence of Nobody.

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**45. Indifferent Time**

How many Traces I have collected for you,  
in the basket of the Illusion of the Memory,  
does not know, neither Eternity,  
which I have killed her,  
separating us from ourselves,  
on the forehead of the Wandering,  
in whose Wrinkles we drowned us,  
the Past,  
without to we can save him ever,  
in the Tear of a Love,  
which, even now,  
it drain careless,  
through the unforgiving veins,  
of the indifferent Time.

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**46. The Dust of Heart**

Replies sharp,  
they are fighting for life and death,  
with the Destiny,  
sold to the Illusions of Death,  
from which we feed,  
the Love,  
of a sinful Day,  
which avoided the Churches of Dreams,  
for to build in their place,  
the cold and indifferent Glances,  
of Forgetfulness,  
which neither the Time has not understood them,  
to the separation from the Illusion of Memory,  
which we forsaken,  
without realizing,  
how much we would have succeeded in understanding  
Him,  
on the God of Illusion of our Happiness,  
even if was,  
in the Glances which we have lost them,  
then when they collapsed,

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in the Dust of Heart,  
of some Doubts,  
of our Wanderings.

**47. Waiting for the Sacred Fire**

Lumps of Dreams,  
fall over the Horizons,  
bygone,  
of the Memories,  
from which we have carved us,  
the statues of some Moments,  
cold and impersonal,  
on which no breath of the Illusions of the Death ,  
no matter how hot,  
would no longer succeed,  
it to warm them up enough,  
the Future,  
collapsed in the chaos of ices,  
where it is said,  
that it would be frozen,  
the body of Love,  
waiting for the Sacred Fire,  
which we have extinguished it,  
for fear of not burning us the Illusion of Happiness,  
believing in the Destiny,  
which we followed it,

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up to the cold face of Death,  
without we ever asking,  
if it were worth it,  
this.

**48. Destinies hit**

Fallen gods,  
from the rights of Churches of the Illusions of Life,  
they stay through the pubs of Times,  
without ever succeeding,  
to they awaken from drunkenness,  
of Illusions of Death ,  
from which they have built for them,  
the armours of Vanities required,  
to face,  
Destinies hit,  
by the Truth of an Illusion of the Happiness,  
on which the World,  
considers it to be the Future,  
of Love.

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**49. To the throat of Luck**

The dice of Moment of Memory,  
mutilated by failed Days,  
of Waiting,  
of some winning numbers,  
which were killed by the broken roulette,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
of a Love,  
what seems,  
that it had no longer succeeded to resurrect itself,  
of an Eternity,  
becoming the millstone of Destiny,  
which was thrown,  
linked to the throat of Luck,  
in the whirling waters of Illusions of Life,  
believing it would succeed in defeating,  
the Death,  
of, ourselves  
those left on the roads without return,  
of, the Illusions of Death.



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**50. The dusty path**

Carnivals drained,  
by the dew of a World,  
in decomposition accentuated,  
on the floors, of the playrooms,  
of a Casino of the Vanity,  
where they win each time,  
the Illusions of Death,  
so rich in suffering,  
that no Life,  
it can not stand,  
in the dusty path of Compromises,  
with the Destiny,  
of, the Illusions of Happiness.

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**51. Love tattooed**

Cold walls and full of mold,  
of the Illusion of a Memory,  
which grew indifferent,  
in the little dust,  
leaked out of the shriveled wall,  
of the Soul,  
who is still looking for, groping  
among the Illusions of Death,  
the Love,  
tattooed with the Lattices,  
of some graffiti,  
on the Tears that separate us,  
by the Illusion of Happiness.

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**52. The Heart wasted**

How many stars,  
God would have drunk,  
that the drunkenness of Love  
has become so great,  
that the whole World,  
it drowned in the Future,  
which it considers him,  
that it would hide it from the Illusions of Death,  
in which we have gone astray,  
for to kiss the Glances of Horizon,  
from, the Eyes of Storm,  
of the Oceans of Blood,  
on which, we still navigate,  
in drift,  
toward an Unknown,  
comprised by the Eternity of Memory,  
from the Heart, wasted,  
of the Existence,  
of Illusions of some Happiness.

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**53. They burn**

Days of smoke,  
burn on the pyres full,  
by, the embers of Feelings,  
which is barely flickering  
under the ashes of the Tears,  
which, they have hidden,  
somewhere sometime,  
an entire Ocean of Dreams,  
on which they sailed,  
the most imposing ships,  
of the Illusion of Happiness,  
with the sails of the remorse, injured,  
in the hot wind of Truth,  
for to end,  
burned by the Sacred Fire of the Illusions of Death,  
kindled by Horizons of the Future,  
in so much,  
that,  
nor a Word was not easy enough,  
to float on the sky of lead,  
of our souls,

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who still,  
are burning alive,  
in the oven,  
of the Illusions of some Memories.

**54. A new testament**

How many times,  
the watches of Eternity,  
they beat the shy Moments,  
of Illusions of Life,  
which do not want to become Eternity ?,  
between the frames of the icons,  
of some Feelings,  
caught by the rusty nails of the Luck,  
on the cold and wet walls,  
of some churches,  
sold to Forgetfulness,  
through which the Saints of Illusion of Memories,  
they live their life,  
strange and rigid,  
of monks who were fasting continuously,  
after,  
your Eyes,  
for whom God,  
he should have written,  
a new testament,  
of the Love.

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**55. Lost eyes**

Chains of Loves rusted,  
still more binds,  
the palms of some Heavens,  
forgotten by their own souls,  
who they rained,  
over the dust of some Happenings,  
slapping them with the Water of Life,  
of some Illusions of the Death,  
of which have budded,  
the Cemeteries of Promises,  
which they married with the Existence,  
giving birth,  
to the Consumption Society of the Vain Dreams ,  
on which, neither a calendar,  
of, the Illusions of Happiness,  
no longer remembers her,  
in the right of a Day,  
of the Word hallowed,  
to give birth to the Absolute Truth,  
from the lost Eyes,  
of the wandered Time,

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from ourselves.

**56. In the closet of a Future**

How many slices of soil,  
more remain from our Promises,  
made by the Heaven of the Glances,  
whose Soul,  
can never be incarnate,  
in the Blood of the Sunsets,  
so lonely and cold,  
that they burn and now,  
giving us the flowers of ice,  
of, the Illusions of Memory,  
on which we do not hope,  
we to put them,  
in the vase of our Destiny,  
dusty and thrown,  
in the closet of a Future,  
of the Nobody.

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**57. The Cemetery of Destiny**

Coffins of Tears,  
waits silently and resigned,  
molten lead crowns,  
of the Illusions of some Memories,  
once with the Helplessness,  
of to ever resurrect,  
from the Cemetery of Destiny,  
which gave us the Separation,  
of ourselves  
giving us a World,  
which no Star of the Love,  
it would not want to fall,  
for fear not to hurt,  
the Heaven alone and sad,  
of the Illusions of Happiness.



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**58. Moment empty and withered**

We are  
a flight of the Times,  
what seem to be abandoned,  
by the indifferent Time,  
but that weighs us accurately,  
every Memory of Lead,  
which falls hard and oppressive,  
over the Days of some Wings,  
fallen from the Heavens of Souls,  
debased  
even and from the rights,  
of Illusions of Happiness,  
precisely in the arms,  
of Cemeteries of Expectations,  
of a, Resurrection,  
of Moment empty and withered,  
which will no longer pass us ever,  
threshold,  
of an Encounter.

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**59. Dreaming at the World of beyond**

Why did God create,  
a World of Fences,  
where the bars of Lead Words,  
become an Illusion of a Memory,  
heavy and oppressive,  
which crushes us,  
the Soul of the Future,  
crucified on the pyre of some Times,  
which do not think,  
in the Sacred Fire of Illusions of Happiness,  
of a Moment,  
from which we would have carved our image,  
of a house unfenced, by any Cemetery,  
of Illusions of Death,  
on which the Blood of the Sunsets in us,  
still more washes them,  
dreaming,  
at, the World of beyond.

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**60. Single and full of loneliness**

Ice bridges,  
they tear the Tears of the Day,  
in slices of cold and ruthless Sun,  
that melts our Eternity,  
turning it into the clouds of the Separation,  
that will flood with the rains of their Time,  
the future Illusions of Memories,  
who they will commit suicide,  
bound to the paltry fences of Forgetfulness,  
from which we will build for us,  
the breath of the heavy and indifferent Years,  
of a Sadness,  
on which no World,  
will never understand it,  
nor even then,  
when will light us pale,  
the bodies of the Illusions of Happiness,  
transformed now,  
in a single,  
and full of loneliness,  
Falling Star,

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who baptized us for eternity,  
Fate.

**61. The bitter Ice**

Blades of Dreams,  
they pierce the mutilated bodies of the Days,  
drowned in the alcoholic Stars,  
of an Universe,  
where the God of Love,  
sleeps dead by drunk,  
under the tables of the Galaxies of Hopes,  
which are no longer sold on nothing,  
to the Illusions of Death ,  
which become increasingly venomous,  
with their own Cemeteries,  
from the Feelings of our Love,  
cold and careless,  
with the traces of the Separations,  
which they will cover,  
with the bitter Ice,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
from the Tree of a Knowledge,  
on which no Illusion of Life,  
she would never want her.

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**62. Whose blind Days**

Tell me,  
how many Illusions of Memories,  
poison their Eternities ?,  
for your steps,  
which trample nonchalants  
my transformed Dreams,  
in the graves of the Truths,  
in which no Lie of the Glances,  
it can no longer believe,  
so bent, became our Future,  
on which somewhere-sometime,  
we would have dyed him in the colors of Eternity,  
from which we would never have left,  
on the broken and creased paths,  
of the Calendar of Illusions of Happiness,  
whose blind Days,  
they can not even read,  
date number,  
which it represents,  
which to decompose them,  
in months and years and centuries,

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of a Time,  
which will no longer be ever,  
our.

**63. Lonely and ungrateful**

The regrets of the bouquets of the ice flowers,  
they poison us the windows of the Souls,  
and now,  
after it died us,  
the entire Eternity of the Moment,  
which we have killed,  
at the pillar of Infamy,  
throwing with the stones of Indifference,  
taken out of the river of some Illusions of Life,  
in which we no longer believed,  
wishing, with fervor,  
the Illusions of Death,  
in which we hoped to be able to shelter us,  
the Love,  
what just burned us on the pyre of Passion,  
until,  
the whole dust from our Words,  
has decomposed,  
remaining only the Absolute Truth,  
lonely and ungrateful,  
to some Illusions of Happiness.

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**64. The Dawn of fulfilled Dreams**

And if, I would not cover myself,  
with the Heaven of your Heart,  
what horologe of Destiny,  
would beat me the exact time,  
of the Illusions of Happiness ?,  
reminding me that I must wake up,  
in the Dawn of the fulfilled Dreams,  
from which we have carved us,  
the whole Water of Life,  
to light up our Sacred Fire,  
of, the Stars,  
which I have put them to you,  
in the hair of Days,  
and from whose flames,  
burn and now the Illusions of Life,  
in the hearth,  
of the our Thoughts,  
to which,  
we cook from time to time,  
together,  
the food of Death Illusions.

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**65. Bricks of Churches**

A Chance is a Star,  
whose fall,  
it hits suddenly,  
by the forehead of a Destiny,  
of the Nobody,  
from which God,  
would have intended,  
he to make his,  
bricks of Churches,  
of Illusions of Life,  
on which he to put them,  
with great attention,  
through the Cemeteries of Words in us,  
that would have become for us,  
another Testament,  
of the Illusions of Death.



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**66. The Stars of our Destinies**

When the Heaven, will begin,  
to dig its Horizons,  
with the nails of the Endlessness,  
until will burst, the Blood of the Sunsets ,  
enchanted by the World,  
of the arrows from the Words of Love,  
on which he has found them,  
wandering at the feet,  
of the Freedom of Illusions of Death,  
then they will spring,  
the Tears of another Testament,  
dedicated to a Love,  
on which the Eternity,  
it wears it to the Stars,  
of our Destinies.

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**67. Cups of Dreams from which we drink**

It will you ever succeed,  
the Heart of Heaven from your Eyes,  
to beat the Clouds of feelings,  
in so much,  
that the stelar dust, from the Blood of Love,  
to rises  
in the glories of Boundless,  
from which we sculpted us,  
the meaning of our own Existence,  
what seems lost,  
in the labyrinths of some Illusions of the Death,  
on which we are trying to cross them,  
creating for us,  
from the dust of the bodies,  
of some Tears,  
kneaded on the wheels of the potters,  
of some Feelings,  
Cups of Dreams,  
from which to we drink thirsty of Love,  
the Water of Eternity.

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**68. The Blood of the Testaments**

The charms,  
caught in the straps of Destiny,  
they stand petrified in waiting,  
of new Illusions of Life,  
on which to cook them,  
at the copious lunch of Suffering,  
being from abundance,  
on fields of the Illusions of Death,  
of this World,  
bathed in the Blood of the Testaments,  
what, they will not use than the Cemeteries,  
of the barefoot Steps,  
which I wore them in the back,  
of the Heaven of Souls,  
left as an inheritance by a God,  
of a Star,  
which still seems to shine today,  
for Nobody's Eyes.

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**69. Still Before the World**

Wheels of Days,  
what seems to no longer spin ever,  
at the Great Bear of the Stars,  
of our Destiny,  
drowned in the glow of a galaxy,  
on which the Pain,  
it discovered it,  
still from the Times,  
from Before the World,  
when none of us,  
we were not even,  
a cursed fragment by Time,  
and thirsty, by the Churches,  
on which Blasphemy calls them,  
Love,  
they stand stuck in,  
the Illusions of Death,  
of Hopes,

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to receive in the gift,  
a Cemetery of Thoughts,  
packed in the black hearses,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
which constantly digs,  
the cold tombs,  
of the Glances,  
in the Souls,  
born,  
for Vanity.

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**70. A Sense of Immortality**

You hurt me the foreheads of Eternity,  
on which the Star of our Luck breathes it,  
if you think that only such,  
you will succeed,  
to leave us, the Separation,  
of ourselves,  
which binds us,  
of a cold and paltry Moment,  
of the clowns of some Loves,  
on which no Truth,  
seems to never understand them,  
at the corner of the street,  
of Doubts,  
where they become deceptives  
when they divided with frenzy,  
new Days empty,  
from which they hope,  
to we make us,  
a Sense of Immortality,  
in which we thought,  
somewhere sometime.

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**71. So rarely**

When the Tears, cry,  
so rarely,  
in the arms of the Heaven of the Drought,  
from the veins of the Memories,  
on which no Present,  
it no longer want them,  
as the exchange currency of the Illusions of Death ,  
I will look for you,  
among the graves of Dreams,  
until I find the Heart of the Star,  
which beat,  
somewhere sometime,  
and for the Eternity of our Love,  
about which the Vanity would have told me,  
that it would flow on the rivers of the Wrinkles,  
what have flooded with Pain,  
the abundant meal of a God,  
of the Nobody,  
who would be the father of a Creation,  
devastated by the Absurd,  
from which we were forced,

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to build our Destinies,  
of the Nobody.

**72. The taste of its own Time**

Baskets of Hopes,  
scattered on the Paths of Vanities,  
they have disheveled their long hair of the twigs,  
which have become,  
the sacred numbers of some Days,  
on which no willow of the Love,  
no matter how bent would be,  
over the sweat lakes of Memories,  
can no longer number,  
the waves of fallen branches,  
in the Water of Illusions of Life,  
which wash us the trunks of Glances,  
raised in a Moment,  
on which neither a Tear,  
it would no longer be able to forsaken her,  
no matter how bitter would be the Taste,  
of its own Time.



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**73. On broken wings**

Late regrets,  
they loose themselves,  
on the Night of Remorses,  
hit by the deserted Heaven,  
of the Sentiment,  
lost,  
on broken wings,  
of a deleted Address,  
from the phone book,  
of some Numbers,  
for which everything was banal and concrete,  
by paying the bills of Passions,  
with the napkins dirty by the lipstick of Sunsets,  
on which I saw for the last time,  
the forms of the traces, of your Kiss  
tearfully,

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which rains me,  
over, the tablecloth,  
of the Heart,  
lost in the refined food,  
of a Future,  
cold and empty,  
on which Nobody, not invited him,  
at our Meeting,  
with the Past.

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**74. The worldly ones**

How much quarrel they have sold us,  
the Regrets of Waves ?,  
which they hit us the shores of the Senses,  
with the Endlessness of the Ocean of Passions,  
on which we would have wanted to navigate,  
without to ever reach,  
in a port of the Conclusions,  
from which to achieve,  
how many Sunrises of Feelings,  
we went,  
on our way,  
toward a Sky of the Infinite,  
about which we were not aware of,  
that it could burn us,  
with the glow of the Absolute Truth,  
on which we would not have succeeded to understand him  
ever,  
however much he would have loved us,  
his God,  
who has preached us the Testament of the Separation,  
of Worldly ones,

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to whom we were convinced,  
that we inspire them,  
the Divine Light of Love.

**75. The Absolute Vanity**

Waves detached,  
from the brightness of God  
of the Being,  
whom he never understood her,  
creating to her  
the bars of the Original Sin,  
through which to be certified,  
that the sufferings,  
are a necessity and not a mistake,  
when they guard, skilfully,  
the priestly garments,  
of a some Truth,  
said, the increasingly whispered,  
on at rusty gates,  
of the Absolute Vanity.

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**76. All Waves**

How much soul would have put,  
the Divinity of the Stranger from us,  
in the Rock of Destiny,  
that, has succeeded,  
to face all the Waves,  
which would have broken it,  
by, the shores of Vanity,  
breaking it, the hourglass of Love,  
in shards of Feelings,  
in which to cut us the veins of the Dreams,  
until the last drop of blood,  
of some Dawns,  
in which to we bathe,  
drowning us,  
the Immortality,  
what would have brought a new Day,  
which did not belong to us anymore.

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**77. Rashness**

Withered times,  
fall from the tree of Destiny,  
for to be collected by the Nothingness,  
lost through the Churches of Dreams,  
to which we have prayed,  
to the Illusions of Death ,  
so they can be happy,  
in the World of beyond,  
of the Rashness,  
from which we braided us the Icons of Cemeteries,  
to which we worship, the Time,  
for to be sufficiently of humbled,  
before of the altars, of heavy Steps and undecided,  
of some Religions,  
on which, only the self-murderers,  
still can understand them.

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**78. An endlessly of the Love**

Wings of Promises,  
burn the Feelings,  
of the World,  
of some Glances,  
which have fallen,  
in the depths of the Inferno,  
from ourselves,  
striking us with their weight of molten lead,  
of some Questions,  
on which Nobody has succeeded so far,  
to release them,  
by the Illusions of Death,  
of which they are bound,  
with the flames of some impossible Loves,  
born from the Eternity of an Universe,  
for which and a single Moment,  
means an Endlessly,  
of the Love.

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**79. Crowns of Winners**

Statues of Gods,  
broken,  
on the inert cement of Remorses,  
from which we have built us,  
the crowns of Winners,  
of some Failures,  
for which the Religions fought,  
until the last particle, of Uncertainty,  
burning on the pyre of the Absolute Truth,  
the enchanted Eyes of the Heaven of Souls,  
which were given to us by the Destiny,  
for to be Feelings,  
from which we will create us,  
the own Histories,  
whose bricks of Feelings,  
we to put them at the pedestals of cathedrals,  
of the Love.



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